

For Sissies Who Don't Like War Stories ...

News Extra Presents Our First Annual Best-Dressed Awards List

Story on Centerfold

U.S. INVADED!

WAR DECLARED!



NEWS EXTRA Military Editor Warren Peace captured this exclusive photo of invading forces as they landed on the coast of South Carolina. His amazing battlefield report begins on Page 4.

Ford Surrenders Nation Without Firing a Shot

Kissinger Is Forced To Resign in Disgrace

Jackie Fingered As Covert CIA Operative



THIS MAD WORLD

By News Extra International Staff



How Lottery Winner Prostitutes Herself

COLUMBUS, Ohio — A 43-year-old, self-employed woman won the top prize in the Ohio State Lottery here recently but was not at the drawing to receive her prize.

Lottie Sue York, a stunning brunette, will be receiving \$250,000 a year for the next 10 years, for a prize totaling \$2.5 million.

When asked why she was not present to see the Ohio governor draw her name, she said: "It's simple; I was at work." Miss York is a professional prostitute.

FAMILY SHOVES MAYOR OUT OF OFFICE

RALEIGH, N.C. — The first black mayor of this Southeastern city has been voted out of office, primarily because of his family's run-ins with the law.

Most residents agree that Clarence E. Lightner did a reasonably good job while stationed at City Hall.

But they didn't like the fact that his wife, Margaret, had been arrested — but acquitted — of conspiring to receive stolen goods and that his son, Lawrence, was charged — but acquitted — of contempt of court after making an obscene gesture at a judge during an assault trial.

The last straw came, however, when his daughter, Debra, was picked up and charged with credit-card fraud. She plans to enter a guilty plea.

MAYOR COMMENTS TO MAKE ENDS MEET

DALLAS, Tex. — This city has mayor problems, too.

Recently, Mayor Wes Wise began working as a radio sports commentator for station KVIL. He took the post to pay off his debts.

Wise receives only \$50 from the city for each council meeting he attends.

WHOLE DAMN TOWN GETS AN AIRING OUT

MUNICH, West Germany — City sanitation workers here had to fumigate the entire town after the 141st Oktoberfest beer bust came to a roaring conclusion.

"The gas was so thick that you could hardly breathe," said air pollution control marshal Otto Shickelgroober.

Schickelgroober noted that 4.5-million steins of potent beer, 600,000 fried chickens, 80,000 pork sausages, 42 barbecued steers, 28 deer and 35 boars were consumed.

The Oktoberfest lasted 16 days. Many patrons can't remember how the time went.

CURSE THE HUNTERS

UPPER DARBY, Pa. — A concerned priest has placed a curse on all hunters for attempting to harm God's animals.

"Lord, render their gunpowder wet and soggy, their gun barrels bent and rusty, their bows and arrows limp and broken," said the Rev. Frederick F. Powers.

The Episcopal minister also prayed for the health of a dog stricken with arthritis during a ceremony in honor of St. Francis of Assisi, patron saint of animals.

Local hunters were not pleased.

DON'T DRINK AND DRIVE OR MESS WITH THE KING

RITLAM, Miltar — King Vitor III, beloved monarch of this tiny nation in the Alps, has placed an indefinite ban on public drinking.

The popular king delivered the edict after an incident that took place at his favorite tavern, the Three Fools Pub.

King Vitor was drinking a glass of Blistovic Red, the national wine, a tasty brew of grapes, pine tar, red peppers and water, when a drunk assaulted him from behind.

The drunk, later identified as Homer Piersall, an unemployed printer, now is doing a 200-year-to-life prison term on Cornhole Island, the Royal Miltar National Penitentiary.

Actor Kirk Douglas Gives up Bright Lights and Takes Job Slinging Hash

There is a new short-order cook at Joe's Grill in Burbank, Calif.

He's a ruggedly handsome fellow, well built, with wavy hair and a cleft chin.

The customers and the owner call him Issy, but NEWS EXTRA has learned that the new hash-slinger is actor Kirk Douglas.

"Kirk has given up acting. He is through with show business," a source close to Douglas told NEWS EXTRA.

"The gang at Joe's call him Issy because that is his real name and the name he wants to be known by from now on. He was born Issur Danielovitch Demsky and he will die Issur Danielovitch Demsky."

THE SOURCE added that the famous actor did much soul searching before he decided to end his illustrious 29-year career.

"Kirk realized that at 59 years of age, he would soon be cast in doddering old man roles — if he could find work at all," he told NEWS EXTRA. "He felt that it would be wise to quit while he was ahead and could be remembered as a virile sex symbol."

For a short while, Douglas entertained the notion of becoming a director. His first effort, "Scalawag," wasn't a blockbuster but it was well received.

"But it was hard on Kirk to be behind the cameras," the source went on. "He came to understand that he would have to make a clean break from everything connected to show business."

"HE HAS earned plenty of money during his career, so he decided to spend the rest of his life doing work he enjoyed."

As the son of Russian immigrants, Kirk had fond memories of being taken to a local greasy-spoon in his home town of Amsterdam, N.Y.

"I'll never forget the time Kirk and his wife Anne took me and my wife out to dinner," the source continued. "Kirk said the restaurant was his favorite."

"Well, he took us to this joint I couldn't believe. It was a 12-stool trucker's eatery."

"But Kirk went bananas over the food. The specialties were chili, greasy hamburgers and



Issur Danielovitch Demsky couldn't take anymore of that Hollywood jazz. He's happy now working as a hash-slinger.

french fries, Polish and Italian sausages and sloppy joes."

According to the source, Kirk raved about such restaurants and foods being "the salt of the earth" and "the true manna from heaven."

"THAT'S WHY I wasn't surprised when I found out that he took the short-order cook job that was open at Joe's Grill," he added.

"I know for a fact that he is just using the job to get training so he can open his own place. He told me that he'd like to buy an old

trailer off a tractor-trailer truck and turn it into an eatery."

"He is tired of the pretense of Hollywood and he wants these last years of his life to be as simple and unaffected as his childhood days."

The source added that Douglas plans for his own establishment to be family business.

"He will sling the hash and his Anne will serve it up," NEWS EXTRA was told. "They are now trying to decide between two names: 'Issy's Eatery' and 'Danny's Den.'"

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She, uh... She, uh... It's Just Too Awful!

Shocking Truth About Brigitte Bardot!

By RHONDA REED
NEWS EXTRA
Hollywood Correspondent

The news is sweeping the movie industry at a frenzy and has left everyone who has heard it in a state of shock.

Producers, directors, celebrities and crew alike are stunned by what must be the best kept secret in show business history: Brigitte Bardot is really a man.

"I just couldn't believe it the first time I heard it," said the eminent Oscar Welles, head of Oscar Welles Studios, in an exclusive NEWS EXTRA interview.

"But judging from the source from which the story comes, I realize now that it has to be true. There is no room for doubt.

"I am shocked. There is no other word to describe it. To think that that curvy, sexy beauty who has starred in all those films is a man!

"I JUST don't know what to say."

According to the source, one of Miss ... er ... Mr. Bardot's closest friends in Paris, Brigitte began impersonating females at age 8 and was so successful that she decided to give up her male identity entirely.

But now that she has turned 40, an age that sometimes signifies the end of the line for Hollywood sexpots, she's ready to become a man again.

"This age thing really has gotten to her," the source in Paris told NEWS EXTRA. "She's afraid that she's going to lose her beauty for good.

"After all, not too many women can keep their figures and appeal forever, you know."

In the past six months, Brigitte has begun to put on weight and has started to abandon makeup as she slowly changes back from women to man, the friend added.

"SHE'S ABOUT 30 pounds



Whoever started those nasty rumors about Brigitte Bardot should cut out their tongues, or BB will do it for them!

heavier now than she was in her last movie, and she's begun working out with weights.

"When she finally makes the transformation complete, she wants to make sure that she can hold her own in a fight.

"It's bound to happen that some macho man is going to challenge her, just to claim to his friends: 'I beat up Brigitte Bardot.'

"She's also doing something to get rid of her sexy bustline. When the doctors get done with her, she'll be flat as a board.

"But that's only natural," the friend said. "After all, that's the way she started.

"Few people know it, but Brigitte was among the first

women in the world to undergo breast enlargement surgery many, many years ago.

"And they looked so natural, too. It's going to be a shame for her to give them up."

MANY PEOPLE in Hollywood are still shaking their heads about the news. They are even more amazed because Brigitte has shown her body so many times in her films.

"One thing she's never shown, though, is her genitals," the source said. "Of course, when she was making most of her sex scandals, that wasn't the vogue.

"But you know how talented female impersonators are; you just can't tell unless you're right

up close. Even then, you might have problems."

Almost overnight, as the news went from Hollywood home to Hollywood home, the person who suffered most was not Brigitte.

"Most of the snickers and laughs have been directed at Roger Vadim and Gunther Sachs, her ex-husbands," the friend said.

"It figures, because they were living openly with a female impersonator all the time and didn't seem to mind a bit.

"IT'S NO wonder that both men were known to cheat on Brigitte whenever they could and why they divorced her.

"Finally, after all these years, people know why they told other women: 'My wife doesn't understand me.' "

Possibly the hardest hit by the news was Bardot's son, Christian.

"After all these years of believing that Brigitte was his mother, that poor boy has finally come to find out that she's his father," the source said.

"Brigitte sired him when she deviated slightly from her path as a female many years ago. His real mother was a London trollop. She's been quiet for years, of course. All that hush money, you know."

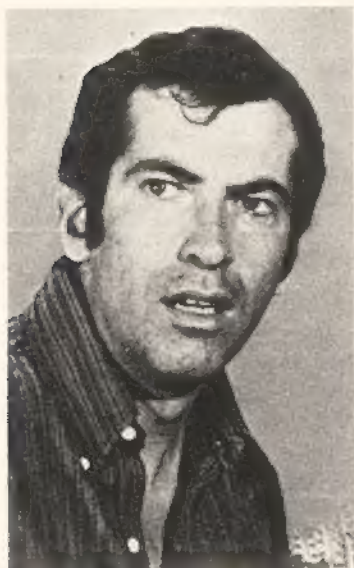
Now that Bardot is becoming a man again, she plans to renew her movie career, possibly even making a documentary about her own life.

LATER, however, she plans to take only male roles opposite the biggest beauty queen in the world.

"I think I deserve it," the source quoted her as saying.

"Finally, after all these years of fighting off the casting couch, I'm going to get revenge, sweet revenge."

At present, however, Brigitte has not decided upon a masculine name. Under consideration are Marcel, Bart, Lance and Bruce.



Roger Vadim



Gunther Sachs

Punk Nation Invades U.S.! We

By WARREN PEACE
NEWS EXTRA
Military Editor

As you read this, the stunning deed is done: A tiny European kingdom few people ever heard of has invaded the United States and brought this proud nation to its knees.

The U.S. has surrendered to Miltar, a backward little European nation that does not even appear on some maps.

Even as NEWS EXTRA goes to press, conditions for peace are being worked out between a harried President Ford and Miltarian military commanders at besieged Gator, Ga.

A ragtag Miltarian army that set out to capture Washington, D.C., ended up occupying Gator instead, but it makes no difference. On the advice of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, President Ford decided to surrender to the European kingdom rather than risk a shooting confrontation.

MEANWHILE, on orders from the White House, 150,000 U.S. troops surrendered to the force of 86 Miltarians occupying Gator.

There are rumors that President Ford has been in contact with King Vitor III, head of the upstart Kingdom of Miltar in an effort to work out a settlement.

The reasons for the whole debacle are almost as bizarre as the invasion itself.

How did it happen? How could the U.S. possibly suffer its first full-fledged military defeat in history to an ill-trained, poorly equipped army from a place called Miltar?

It all goes back to the days (was it only a few weeks ago?) when Jackie Onassis was for a brief time the fiancée of Miltar's King Vitor III.

VITOR BOOTED Jackie out of his kingdom high in the European Alps, claiming her extravagant tastes were bankrupting his nation.

Two days after her departure for the port of Trieste on the Miltar Express, a breathless runner arrived at the palace in the capital city of Ritlam bearing a rolled-up message on parchment tied with a red string.

Vitor read it, began trembling, turned to an aide and said: "This means war."

The message held unimpeachable evidence that Jackie never had intended to marry Vitor at all.

She was a CIA agent, planted to learn Miltar's military secrets — both of them.

"Mobilize the citizenry! Mass the troops on the border!" King Vitor ordered.

"What border, chief?" asked a

mystified aide.

"The American border, stupid!" Vitor roared.

"WE AIN'T got no border with America, boss. America's 4,000 miles from here."

"Then mobilize the Navy!"

But the aide explained what Vitor had forgotten. Miltar has no navy. It used to, but Vitor appointed his 12-year-old nephew, Morington C. Rachmaninoff, as Grand Admiral and the little shrimp gambled away the fleet on the tables of chance at Monte Carlo.

But the king in his rage had a trump card: One vessel that was not officially a part of the fleet, the HMS Boltbucket, a leftover from Miltar's war against the Congo Pygmies in 1895. It had been decommissioned and math-balled.

"The Boltbucket is our invasion ship," King Vitor proclaimed.

"But boss, the tub's in drydock. It won't float."

"Fix it up!"

VITOR CALLED his Minister of Military Intelligence, Retardo J. Cretin.

"How many men can we muster for an invasion force within 24 hours?" asked the king.

"About 125, maybe 150 if we can get the chronic alkie's sobered up," Retardo said.

"Do it!"

One day later, after a frantic job of patching on the HMS Boltbucket, 147 of Miltar's finest were steaming off toward America.

But five hours after going through the Strait of Gibraltar, the ship sprang unstoppable leaks.

Undaunted, Grand Admiral Rachmaninoff hijacked a passing Costa Rican banana boat and his troops poured on board just as the Boltbucket sank beneath the waves.

THE DESTINATION: The mouth of the Potomac River in Virginia. Vitor's grand strategy



Erudite King Vitor III of Miltar learned that Jackie was a CIA agent.



Jackie (you know who) is to blame for the strained relations between the U.S. and Miltar and the invasion of our nation.



Henry Kissinger greeted the invasion by picking his nose.



President Ford fell all over the place when he heard that mighty forces of Miltar had invaded the good old U.S. of A.

was to sail up the stream to Washington, where his troops would come ashore, take the city's defenders by surprise, occupy the government buildings and declare national martial law.

But the banana boat had no reliable compass.

Instead, the invasion boat's occupants found themselves looking at a desolate stretch of beach near Kitty Hawk, N.C.

"It's no matter," said Gen. Bosco Napoleon Cheapjack, head of the Miltar Marines. "This might be better. We can establish a beachhead without resistance, and then march on Washington."

It was then that the invaders realized they'd have to swim ashore because they forgot to bring landing craft.

AND SO they did, losing only 11 men to the Great White Sharks that infest the waters. Their rifles and ammunition followed in rowboats.

The force wandered aimlessly for several hours, trying to get its bearings. Finally they ran across a shack occupied by an aged beachcomber.

"Which way is Washington?" barked Gen. Cheapjack.

"I think he lives over near Gator," said the man, thinking the asylum over in the next county must have left its gate unlocked again. The beachcomber later said he thought they were looking for Hiram Washington, a well-known Gator turnip farmer.

"Thanks, my good bumpkin," said Cheapjack. "You will be proud to know you are the first native to be set free from the yoke of tyranny that has this land in its iron fist."

"Sho' nuff?"

THE ARMY marched on, wandering all over the countryside, avoiding main roads, and losing men along the way. More than 30 Miltarian soldiers got lost during the march. Four of them showed up in Montgomery, Ala. The others have not been heard from.

The main body of the army flagged down an empty cattle truck. All crowded on board.

"I'm only goin' as far as Gator," said the driver.

"Is that close to Washington?" asked Cheapjack.

"Hell yes," replied the driver thinking they were referring to Hiram Washington.

"We'll take it," snapped Cheapjack.

The one-truck convoy rolled into Gator, pop. 853. The town was deserted. Everyone was off watching a cockfight in a nearby swamp.

"I DECLARE this city liberated in the name of His Royal Majesty, King Vitor III," intoned Cheapjack.

His thundering tones momentarily woke a drunk lying

in the muddy street, who blinked twice at the ragtag invasion force and went back to sleep.

The troops, intoxicated with their success, started shooting off their rifles. It so happened that the residents of the town were just beginning to return.

Seeing the Miltarians, they quickly surrendered, thinking the invaders were revenooers.

Gen. Cheapjack commandeered the only telephone in town and put through a call to Washington, D.C.

In the Oval Office of the White House, President Ford looked up to see an anxious aide at the door.

"There's some jerk on the phone saying he's a Gen. Cheapjack of the Miltar Marines and he's got to talk to you," the aide said.

"WELL, PUT him on," said the President. "I remember Cheapjack and King Vitor III from my last useless junket to Europe while I was still in Congress. We played football on the palace grounds, without helmets."

Ford picked up the phone. After listening a few moments, his face went ashen.

Shaking, he hung up. "We have been invaded by Miltar," said Ford. "Forces under the command of Gen. Cheapjack have occupied Georgia. The fall of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee and South Carolina is imminent."

"Cheapjack says our armies are in panicky retreat all across the Southern front. There's been nothing like this since Hitler invaded the Low Countries. What shall we do?"

"Quit!" boomed a voice from the hall.

It was Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. He strode into the room, picking his nose.

"QUIT?" yelled Ford. "You mean surrender this great nation to a ragtag outfit like the Miltar Army?"

"You got it, my bullet-dodging friend. And here's why. All those states Miltar is threatening to occupy are precisely the ones you need to win the next election."



Vitor's troops came well dressed for combat in hot, stinking Gator, Ga.

Give up Without Firing a Shot!



Victorious generals prepare for an aerial inspection of the field of battle.



Troops met no resistance in their sweep through the town.

"Gulp!"

"Gulp again, Charlie. If that happens you couldn't win even if your opponent was Mao."

"Looks like we lose," said the President, glumly.

And so the President surrendered the nation. When the news reached Gen. Cheapjack down south, he objected.

"BUT WE haven't even fired a shot," he complained. "My troops are itching for action. If they don't have a chance to practice their battle skills, they may go on an orgy of looting,

raping and killing, and I won't be able to stop them."

"Where are you now?" Ford wired back.

"A godforsaken stinking little swamp town called Gator, Georgia," Cheapjack wired back.

"You have my blessing to blow that town off the map," Ford said. "And we'll surrender 150,000 men if that's acceptable."

And so, with a one-half hour notice to the peasants of Gator, Cheapjack's army shot up the town, and blew up a few buildings. The only casualty was a mongrel flea-bitten mutt, which

got separated from his owner during the evacuation.

THE SOLDIERS found a cache of white lightning in a house they were preparing to dynamite, and after the destruction was over, they celebrated by getting roaring drunk.

Afterward, the victorious general telephoned his king.

"Now that we've captured this place, what do we do with it? And, what do we do with the guy who calls himself the President over here — you know, the one who used to play football without a helmet."

"Oh, him."

"We might go ahead and accept the United States as a state of Miltar and keep the guy on as a figurehead leader — but there is one problem."

"What's the problem?"

"According to this Ford guy, this place is in debt for \$500 billion."

"FIVE HUNDRED bil ... to hell with that," Cheapjack, said Vitor. "Now, listen to me. You get the hell out of there. Negotiate a peace with honor and get those troops home before Christmas. Five hundred billion ... jeeezzus."

As NEWS EXTRA went to press, peace negotiations were continuing.

Reportedly, Vitor has turned down President Ford's request for economic aid.

Meanwhile, Kissinger has been fired and the whereabouts of Jackie Onassis is a closely guarded Pentagon secret.

The Miltarians continue to occupy Gator, Ga., while awaiting a settlement.

Details of the surrender will be worked out as soon as Gen. Cheapjack arrives in Washington to meet with President Ford.

The President has refused to discuss the invasion or the negotiations.



Gen. Bosco Napoleon Cheapjack, who looks a lot like Hitler, directed his Marines to a brilliantly executed victory.



What little is left of Gator is still stinking hot.



Rachmaninoff hijacked this passing banana boat, which didn't have a compass, and the troops landed in North Carolina.



Gator residents (right) crouch in fear as they flee the invading Miltarians under the leadership of Gen. Cheapjack. At left, smoke billows from the town as the victors shot up the picturesque Georgia hamlet. Fortunately, the only casualty was a flea-bitten mutt.



Rhonda Reed's

Celebrity Notebook



Big-Name Beauts Turning On to Latest Screen Rage

Hollywood beauties are clamoring to be the first name stars to act in "snuff" films. You know what snuff films are, of course. They are the ultimate in sicko screen entertainment. In them, the female stars are taken sexually as usual, but at the climax they are actually killed. The films now existing were made in South America and the female stars didn't know what they were in for until it was too late. The difference between these girls and the ones in Hollywood are that the latter are clamoring to die for the sake of opening up a new art form.

"Snuff me! I'll do ANYTHING if you'll snuff me!" begged sexpot Raquel Squelch to her favorite director, Bluto von Goebbels of Rinne Studios. Bluto quickly signed her for the upcoming "I Come, I Die," due to start filming on an \$8-million budget at a sleazy Long Beach motel in January. "The best thing about snuff films is that you don't have to pay the female star a salary," Bluto said.

But Oscar Welles Studios may beat Rinne to the theaters with a quickie called "The Candle Snuffers," in which the star, aging sexpot Belinda Ballmor, gets hers with hard candles shaped like daggers as she explodes in a writhing climax. Belinda is ecstatic at getting the part. "It will be my legacy to the history of the American film as an art form," she trilled. Footnote: There's no truth to the rumor that kinky actor Randy Rance and canine star Benji will join the trend with an epic called "I Snuffed a Dog."

Bad news for child director Rodney Allen Rippy and his first opus, "Swamp Mama." After a promising premiere in Gator, Ga., location of the sex-and-violence film, the movie bombed in Los Angeles, New York, Chicago and Altoona. Only 55 persons paid to see it in all four cities, and the film has been yanked from the circuits. Rodney has gone back to making hamburger stand commercials.

Rhonda's Hot Line: Mickey Rooney has the Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn role locked up for the film version of "The Gulag Archipelago;" Marlon Brando plans a clandestine visit to a Mexican fat farm — he weighs more than 250 pounds; Liza Minnelli's MD has given her the word — "expect quadruplets."

Tennis star Jimmy Connors is in town, and he's caught the Hollywood bug. Says he will be the next Gregory Peck. Sorry, James, better aim lower. Like the next Andy Devine, maybe?

Roman Polanski's casting for his next shocker, titled "Putrid Disgust." But he's already lost Bette Davis whom he wanted for that nude scene. And Katharine Hepburn won't even answer his calls.

You can forget that rumor about Jane Fonda being a CIA agent Also that report that Vanessa Redgrave really is dead and the person claiming to be her is really a robot, programmed by Communists.

The TV documentary on Peeping Toms, "Outside Your Window," is temporarily on the shelf thanks to the fact the whole cast and crew is in jail in Searchlight, Nev. Seems they didn't bother to get clearance from the cops, and they all got run in.

We had lunch the other day with stunning starlet Vicki Vavume, that much-talked-about star of "The Buns of Brenda," due for Christmas release. You readers can get your minds out of the gutter because the flick is about a bakery shop clerk who finds love with a dashing Miltar prince who falls for her pastry creations. At any rate, Vicki told us that she really has fallen for her leading man, Rod LaSpock, and will marry him if he can just get rid of the three wives he has back in Germany.



She Can Do Without That Crank

Pretty Madeline Transfer would like to be a movie actress but she has a problem with an ex-boyfriend who follows her around pulling practical jokes. Here, the silly prankster has tied Miss Transfer's shoes together. She fell flat on her face seconds after NEWS EXTRA'S cameraman took this picture.

Look Out, It's Elton!

By RHONDA REED
Hollywood Correspondent

His is a silent tragedy, a secret shame. Despite his fortune counted in millions and his idol worshippers measured in hundreds, he knows he must never approach his public face to face.

Like a bird in a gilded cage, or Adolf Eichmann in the glass booth at his trial, Elton John must remain apart. He has B.O.

He smells like a town dump on a hot August afternoon. Even crows, who ALWAYS fly straight, must detour.

"It's true, and it's a bloody tragedy," a source close to the John organization told this reporter. "'Tis a pity, 'cause old Elt likes to see people once in awhile.

"And it — his trouble, you know — costs him a fortune. He's forever buying new suits because his old ones run away. They can't stand to be close to him."

ACCORDING TO this sometimes reliable source, the problem of smelly body has plagued the famed rock entertainer since his boyhood back in Britain. He was known as Reginald Dwight back then, and he lived with his mom.

"Poor little Reggie had no real friends except an old derelict junkie whose nose was burned out from snorting heroin. And he lost even that pal when the fellow went to America and got a nostril transplant at Johns Hopkins Hospital.

"The old junkie came back to England after the transplant operation, took one whiff of Reggie and keeled over unconscious. He avoided the kid from then on."

Kids, then as now, were merciless. They ribbed little Reginald constantly.

"Dwight smells a fright, Dwight smells a fright," they chanted in childish sing song harassment.

FINALLY, at age 14, he petitioned the court to legally change his name.

Recordings provided Elton John the means of communicating without knocking people out with his stench.

"Everyone thinks he changed his name to Elton John for stage appeal in his singing career," the source said. "Not so. He had it changed to get away from that horrible rhyme."

He soon learned he had picked the wrong substitute, as the mean kids in the neighborhood quickly invented a new rhyme to tease him with.

"Elton — SMELL-ton, Elton — SMELL-ton," they chanted.

So, sad little Elton retreated from society. His days passed in loneliness, plinking away at his tiny toy piano in a bedroom heavy with the smell of incense trying futilely to compete with Elton's armpits.

He communicated with the rest of the world by dropping notes from his bedroom window.

"Little kids in the neighborhood would suddenly tilt their heads and sniff the air," the source said.

"THEY'D SAY, 'Oh, smell! Smell-ton Elton has got his window open again. He must want to say something.'"

In his late teens, Elton discovered microphones and voice recordings as a means of communicating orally with

people without knocking them unconscious with his stench.

"That could be how his singing career got its start," the source said. "But I'm not sure.

"But those early recordings are highly prized now among collectors. One of them, 'Please Bring Me Some Water, Harold, My Philodendron Is Drooping,' fetched \$2,110 at a recent nostalgia auction."

Today, a star, Elton lives in isolation in the Hollywood Hills. A common thought is that he left his native England to escape its tough tax laws, but actually, he thought he might go unnoticed with Los Angeles' smelly smog.

HIS PUBLIC appearances are rare these days, and always held out of doors on days the Weather Bureau predicts high winds.

"He's constantly trying and discarding brands of perfume, cologne and armpit deodorant," the source said. "And he told me, in a heavily perfumed letter, that if he ever found one that solved his stink he'd endorse it free."

So, take it from Rhonda, if Elton ever appears on TV plugging a deodorant you'll know it's a good one.

Scholar Who Ate Dog Food Killed While Chasing Cars Like a Mutt!

Students and faculty at the Higher Institute of Lower Learning are mourning the death of Laslow Ludwig Wagner who was fatally injured by a hit-and-run driver.

The driver of the automobile, Lyle Fosting, was apprehended but no charges will be filed against him.

Wagner, a freshman at the school, was a scholarship student and due to a lack of finances, had been eating dog food for several months, his fellow students revealed.

During recent weeks, he had taken to chasing cars and had had several close calls prior to his

death.

Fosting told police that he slammed on the brakes of his auto after he heard a dull thud. But when he did not hear any yelping, he went on, thinking he had struck an inanimate object.

Wagner's fellow students said they had seen him chase cars on numerous occasions.

"He didn't make any noise or anything to warn the motorists," said his roommate, Doug Little. "He'd just crouch between parked cars and wait for a motorist to pass and then chase the moving vehicle. We were afraid something like this would happen."

Elton's B.O. is costing him a fortune. He's forever buying new suits because his old ones run away. "They can't stand to be close to him," a sometimes reliable source told NEWS EXTRA. This suit and the smell routed our fearless lensman.



Only Your News Extra Would Know

Real Reason Why Muhammad Ali Almost Lost Fight to Joe Frazier

By UBAN KOLIPTIS
NEWS EXTRA Sports Editor

Muhammad Ali won't admit it in public, but there is a good reason his recent world heavyweight boxing championship fight with Joe Frazier was so close.

Less than two hours before he was supposed to step into the ring for the bout, billed as the "Thrillah in Manila," Ali was beaten to a pulp by a scrawny, Filipino karate champion.

The altercation began when Cesar Gonsalves, the karate expert, refused to get out of the champ's way as they met in a crowded corridor.

Puny at 104 pounds, but skilled at destroying a man with either his hands or feet and the sparring partner for world contact karate king Don Smith, Gonsalves accidentally brushed Ali.

"WATCH WHAT you're doing, runt," the boxer reportedly said, adrenalin flowing through his system as he readied for his match.

"What you mean, black man?" replied Gonsalves, taking a defensive stance. "It was you who got in my way."

The taller Ali glowered at the 5-foot, 3-inch challenger for several seconds. All the while, Gonsalves returned his own penetrating

stare.

"I am the greatest," the boxer reportedly said, his ice-cold words breaking the silence. "I give way to no man especially a shrimp like you."

"Watch what you say, Muhammad Ali," Gonsalves challenged. "I warn you now: I am one of the best karate experts in the entire world. You don't scare me."

According to sources at the scene, the boxer then threw his head back and laughed.

"Karate-schmarty," he sneered. "I fly like a butterfly and sting like a bee."

AT THAT, the boxer drew back his powerful left hand, formed it into a fist and attempted to land a solid hook on the Filipino's jaw.

Before the champ knew what was happening, however, Gonsalves countered.

He fended off the taller man's blow like a cow flicking a fly off of its back with its tail. He then sprung into the attack.

Three quick parries with his fists sent Ali reeling against the cinder-block wall. The fighter bounced back quickly, as if off the ropes. But his eyes were glassy and face contorted in pain.

The boxer then charged full steam into the Filipino, as aides tried to hold him back.

Their efforts proved useless, however, as Ali flew past them like a rogue elephant in heat. He

kept right on going past his intended target, as Gonsalves landed three more blows with his feet.

The last parry sent Ali to the concrete floor.

GONSALVES leapt high into the air and came down on the fighter's chest. The force of the blow knocked Ali out.

Using good judgment, however, the karate expert gave up his part of the battle, brushed himself off and continued on his way.

Ten minutes later, Ali was just getting to his feet.

"Muhammad, why did you do

it?" wailed an assistant. "The fight is only a little while away."

"Don't worry," the boxer responded. "I am the champ. And that Frazier is nothing more than a gorilla."

"This was just a little workout, because the fight itself won't last too long. Like I told Sal Marciano (an ABC-TV sportscaster), the Gorilla might fall in one."

WHEN ALI stepped into the ring for the championship fight, only people in his corner knew about the savage beating he had experienced only two hours before.

Fortunately, the champ bore no

scars from the encounter, except on his soul.

When the fight began, however, it became easily apparent that Ali had lost a considerable amount of zip and Frazier looked stronger than ever.

Through 14 brutal rounds, the two men went head to head in the ring.

By the accounts of most American journalists on the scene, the challenger was well ahead at the time.

Some believed they were about to witness a lopsided Frazier victory.

But the champion still was the champ.

Even though he had withstood the toughest fight of his life earlier in the day, Ali still had enough left to score blow after blow to Frazier's head and shoulders.

BY THE time the 14th round was over, the people in Frazier's corner were fearful for their fighter's life.

They refused to allow him to come out for the 15th and final round.

Once more, Ali retained his crown.

"But I was lucky to escape with my life," he reportedly told an associate. "Not because of Frazier, though. Because of that karate man."

"He is the true champion of the world, and I'm just a beaten challenger."



Ali's pride and body were bruised after his run-in with the scrawny karate champion before his bout in Manila.

News Extra Pulls Wraps off Hollywood's Best-Kept Secret and He's Real Cowboy!

John Wayne's Twin Brother!

One of Hollywood's best-kept secrets is that John Wayne has a twin brother who is a real cowboy.

He works on a remote Wyoming ranch and folks at nearby Snakebite, Wyo., describe him as the "meanest s.o.b. to ever fork a bronc."

It is no secret among Wayne's inner circle of friends that the movie star is ashamed to admit his brother even exists. And, during an exclusive interview with the brother, at a mountain top Ine shack, News EXTRA learned he doesn't care a hell of a lot for big John either.

"Marion ain't nuthin' but a damn pantywaist," growled Wayne's twin.

John Wayne's real name is Marion Morrison. His brother's name is Maurice Marrison — although nobody dares call him Maurice.

WHEN HE was only 10

years old, he beat up his first grade teacher for calling him Maurice. From that day forward, everybody called him "Little Dude," until he was 14 and weighed 240 pounds. Then, they called him "Big Dude."

He told NEWS EXTRA that his twin brother always was a sissy. "I used to whup him holdin' one hand behind my back," he bragged.

"Just to show you what kinda guy he is, when he finally got the guts to change his name he picked a dumb thing like 'John Wayne.' What kinda man wants a name like John? Why didn't he just go ahead and call himself Outhouse Wayne?"

Big Dude dropped out of school and went West, but his brother stayed at home and got an education.

"Marion was a pansy," his twin said. "He was a

debater and he took sissy subjects in school. He took cooking and sewing and he was always interested in 'dramatics' as he called it. I figger it was just playin' dress-up like the GIRLS."

BIG DUDE told NEWS EXTRA that one of the reasons he left home at an early age was because he was humiliated to have Marion for a brother.

"I look at his motion pitchers and I laugh," he said. "That ain't him on no horse. That's a double, one of those stunted men they use in Hollywood to do tricks."

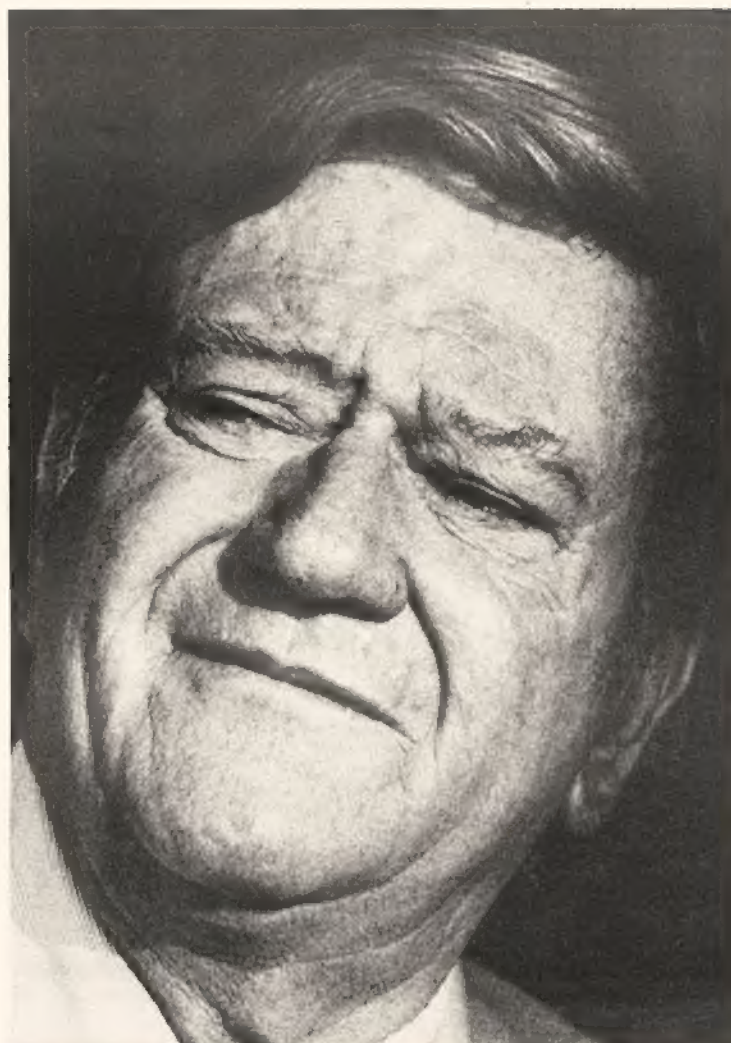
"Marion is so scared of horses they make him throw up. And he was allergic to animals even when he was kids. They'd make him break out in a rash. So if you think he's ridin' them horses in the movies, then you're a fool."

The rough, tough wrangler also hinted that John Wayne is really a scrawny little guy. "That's why he wears high-heeled boots in all them pitchers he makes. And his hat makes him taller-lookin' too. I betcha that's the only reason he decided to play cowboys. He was always playin' those funny-talking guys in the Winterset High School plays. Like once he played that Hamlin and wore a long robe. But those guys wore sandals and he'd look like what he is if he didn't get dolled up in he-men togs."

BIG DUDE revealed that shortly before he left Winterset, he beat the daylights out of his twin and told him to never tell a soul that he ever had a twin brother.

"I told him if he let on I was any relation at all I'd come back and work him over," he told NEWS EXTRA. "I guess all my life I've knocked people around just to prove I ain't like that pansy."

Around Snakebite, Big



Marion Morrison changed his name and became John Wayne. How dumb, he's twin brother Maurice said. "What kinda man wants a name like John? Why didn't he just go ahead and call himself Outhouse Wayne," Little Dude asked NEWS EXTRA.

Dude is a notorious brawler.

Every Saturday night, he leaves the WWW ranch and goes into Snakebite and beats the hell out of the local sheriff and his six deputies.

"And I'll take on anybody else who gets in my way," he said, puffing his chest with pride. "I can take on a dozen of them mealy-mouth cowpokes I wrangle with."

He doesn't carry a gun, he said, because he doesn't need one. When he walks into the tavern and orders whisky and beer, folks move to the other end of the bar. He downs the whisky a quart an hour and by the time midnight comes, he is a raving bull.

SEVERAL months ago, he wrecked most of Main Street in a drunken rage. It is believed that Big Dude became infuriated to find the local movie house, the Bijou, playing the John Wayne film, "True Grit."

After his rampage, the theater manager found all the posters stained with tobacco juice. "Big Dude is the only wrangler we know

of around here that chews," said Lowell Larson, Bijou owner.

Despite his reputation as a trouble-maker and a mean sonofagun, Big Dude is one of the highest paid wranglers in the West.

"Big Dude don't need no horse, he don't need no rope, he don't need nothin' fancy," Poke Wilson, foreman of the WWW told NEWS EXTRA.

"HE JUST gets out there on foot, wrestles those ornery critters to the ground and then holds 'em with one hand and brands 'em with the other."

"And when we go on roundup, he just gallops after those strays and grabs them by the tail and pulls them right along back where they belong."

"No siree," said Poke. "I don't know nothin' about that actor feller John Wayne. But I do know that Big Dude is the meanest man I ever met up with. And if he don't want to claim that Wayne as kin of his, it's alright by me."

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John Wayne's twin brother Maurice is a real meanie. Can't you just tell by that mean expression on him mean face.

Only the Big-Time Names Make Our Best-Dressed List



This is best dressed? You bet your bippie! Priscilla the Hairy Woman came in third, and that's two down from one.



No list would be complete without the Ambassador from Miltar. The disgusting-looking social lion finished eighth.



Sour-faced Costalita Jone, a 45-year-old groupie, has the distinguished honor of being the best dressed in the world!



Alice Cooper was delighted at his high ranking in the fashion world and did a disgusting thing when he accepted the award.

By **BRENDA BELLWEATHER**
NEWS EXTRA Society Editor

Here it is, folks — the event you've been eagerly awaiting for weeks: The First Annual NEWS EXTRA 10 Best-Dressed Awards.

Thousands of glamorous celebrities and envious nobodies jammed the Altoona (Pa.) Amphitheatre for the gala event held, with inspired appropriateness, on Halloween night.

Unanimous choice for First Place on the list was a three-foot midget, Costalita Jones, 45, a groupie who has been tagging after the Lawrence Welk and Guy Lombardo bands since 1947.

A sour-faced, tempered little broad, Costalita was all scowls as she skipped onto the state to accept her award, stumbling over her own feet in the process.

SECOND PLACE goes to Laura Lardbucket, 30, 800-pound fat lady with the Rampling Bros., Billings & Blaylock circus.

Third place: Priscilla the Hairy Woman, likewise a circus sideshow freak. The subhuman Priscilla was the biggest hit of the night as she accepted her award garbed only in a not-so-modest length of fish net.

Fourth spot went to a mysterious entrant who refused to give his name and who wasn't even in the running until he slipped into the Amphitheatre via the back way.

He was carrying a soda pop can, which he said contained a high explosive. He threatened to blow the joint sky high unless he was named in the Top Ten.

THE JUDGES thereupon awarded him fourth place, referring to him as "the psycho wearing the jockey shorts," as this is the only piece of clothing the gent wore.



Phyllis Diller was disappointed at not finishing higher than sixth place. That's tough, sweetheart!

No. 5 is a Beautiful Person familiar to everyone — rock singer Alice Cooper. Delighted at his high ranking in the fashion world, Alice passed out snakes to the audience as he accepted his award.

Finishing sixth and expressing disappointment that she was not rated higher was Phyllis Diller, who commented: "I guess I wore the wrong fright wig."

In seventh place was a surprise: Faye Dunaway, the only entrant who ever was actually a priestess of high fashion.

POPULAR HIT of the evening was the eighth-spot finisher, Esvaing von Riperton III, ambassador to the U.S. from the European kingdom of Miltar. Esvaing, social lion on the Washington scene, appeared in the disgusting, stinking rags, that has made him one of the most unique and sought-after characters at capital parties.

The ninth-place choice was as unpopular as Esvaing's was popular. When the name of Princess Grace of Monaco was announced, the audience erupted in catcalls and boos.

Princess Grace nearly always is near the top in more conventional "10-Best-Dressed" competitions. The weirdo audience demonstrated it wanted no part of anyone who looked normal by pelting the judges with rotten fruit.

HOWEVER, the joint calmed down when 10th place was announced: Ying and Yang, the two-headed man.

Ying and Yang also got an honorary award for the special wide collar they have developed to accommodate two heads growing out of the same torso.

Ying and Yang have a combined I.Q. of 72, a well-publicized fact not lost on the throng as the master of ceremonies announced: "Here is living evidence that two heads are NOT better than one."



Ying and Yang finished tenth on the coveted list. Ying and Yang is a two-headed man, in case you didn't notice.



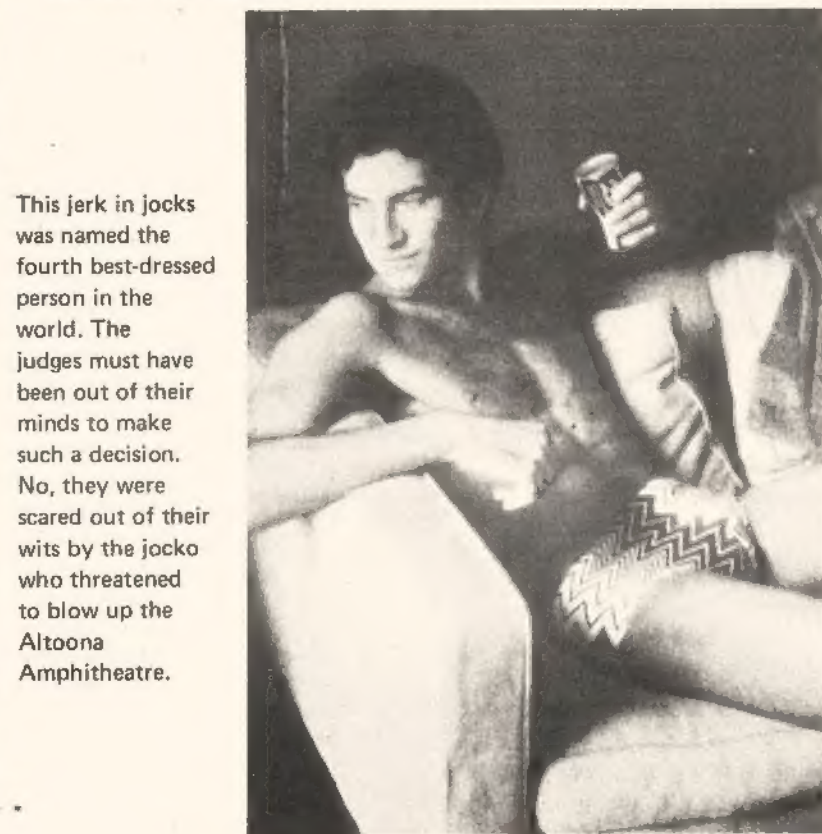
Laura Lardbucket (we wonder how she got that name) came in second on the list of best-dressed beautiful people.



Faye Dunaway was the surprise choice of the evening.



Princess Grace was resplendent as usual, but the crowd was very upset that Her Highness made our prestigious list.



This jerk in jocks was named the fourth best-dressed person in the world. The judges must have been out of their minds to make such a decision. No, they were scared out of their wits by the jocko who threatened to blow up the Altoona Amphitheatre.

El Jerko Walking Around World on Water!

When Martin Evert Albatrosse said he could walk on water, everyone who knew him said he was just a loudmouthed jerk.

But Albatrosse was determined to prove them wrong.

Working with his twin brother, Robbie Aborino, he invented pontoon boots that enabled him to tiptoe through waves with the greatest of ease.

Several months ago, Albatrosse successfully walked across Lake Michigan. But people still called him a loudmouthed jerk, so he walked the length of the Mississippi River.

Public opinion of him did not improve and the unfortunate clown didn't realize that walking on water had nothing to do with his inability to make friends. So now he has vowed to walk around the world — by water, every step of the way.

NEWS EXTRA talked with Albatrosse shortly before he embarked on his round-the-world water walk. He had just signed over his share of his Rockport, La., slum dwellings to his twin brother, Aborino.

"Robbie has always been the brains of the operation," said Albatrosse miserably. "He'll do alright 'till I come back. If I come back."

"He encouraged me to go, you know. He said if I ever want to be more than a loudmouthed jerk, I gotta prove myself."

The 35-year-old man believes his Journey will take 17 years.

"I could do it in 13 but I intend to stay close to shore," he explained. "By following the coast lines of the countries it'll take a little longer, but it will be easier and safer in the long run."

Albatrosse said he never figured out a way to pack a lot of provisions for his journey. By not venturing far into the ocean, he will always be close enough to land to grab a bite to eat when he gets hungry.

"I'LL SLEEP on my pontoon boots most nights," he went on. "They're long enough so I can kinda crouch down and sit on the ends of them and grab 30 winks. But there will be some nights that I'll want a nice soft, warm bed."



He plans to spend only \$100 a year while under way. "I figure a lot of places will give me free eats and a bed for the publicity involved," he said.

One of the motivating factors for making the trip is his mother.

"Ma always figured I was the good-for-nothing twin," he said. "It was always, 'My son Robbie the slum-lord this and my son Robbie that.' I was always just the loud-mouthed jerk."

"I wanna prove to Ma that I am just as good as my brother. I might not be as smart as him and I might not be as handsome, but I'm the brave one, the one with guts," he insisted.

NEWS EXTRA asked the

seagoing man why his name is different than that of his twin brother?

"I never could figure that out," he replied. "And I figured I'd seem really dumb if I asked, so I've just kind of ignored it. If you can find out so it doesn't seem like I want to know, I'd sure be grateful if you'd drop me a line."

Albatrosse said that he will check the main post offices of the world's major seaports during the next 17 years.

"I sure would be pleased to get a card or a letter from any of your readers," he told NEWS EXTRA. "It'll help to keep my spirits up if I get mail from back home."

"And I'll try and write back to as many as I can,"

he added sincerely.

ANY NEWS EXTRA readers who have also experienced the humiliation of being called a "loudmouthed jerk" and would like to offer support are invited to write to Albatrosse as follows:

Mr.
Martin Evert Albatrosse
% General Delivery
(City, Country)

Albatrosse has promised to keep a diary and send periodic progress reports to NEWS EXTRA so that we can continue to share with our readers his exciting adventures as he walks around the world on water.

Vice President Rocky Buys Acapulco & Wants to Move Our Government There!

Vice President Nelson Rockefeller has bought Acapulco, Mexico, and he wants to move America's capital there.

If you thought communicating with your government was hard, just wait until you have to do it in Spanish. Rich Rocky is known as a fellow who always gets his way.

"It won't be easy talking President Gerald Ford and his minions into moving, but if anyone can, Rocky can," a Washington insider said.

There are obstacles to overcome. First Lady Betty Ford refuses to leave her Alexandria, Va., hairdresser, and pretty Susan Ford, a camera fan, won't trust anyone but Capitol Hill Drugstore with her pictures.

"But the President's son, Jack, seemed entranced by the idea. He kept giggling, 'Acapulco gold, Acapulco gold,' when he heard about it. Perhaps he wants to try his hand at prospecting," the insider said.

VICE PRESIDENT Rockefeller unveiled his plans at a recent press conference. He said he had just finalized the purchase of Acapulco, a pleasant resort town on Mexico's west coast, and would give it to the U.S. as a 200th birthday present. He stated one condition: that the nation's headquarters be shifted there from Washington, D.C., immediately.

Representatives of America's press, gathered together for the historic occasion, yammered for attention. As they settled down, Rockefeller pointed to Steele Walker, reporter for Collier's Weekly, who asked "Why?"

"Well," answered Mr. Rockefeller, "that certainly is a valid question that deserves a clear, decisive answer. In the present state of affairs, when the United States of America faces some of the most pressing crises in its glorious 200-year history, we need leaders who can, as they say, tell it like it is. Ours is a free society, always was and always will be, and one of its mainstays is an unfettered press. Next question."

SEAN RODRIGUES, of the National Hearsay, repeated the question, "Why?" "Well," Mr. Rockefeller responded, "it is known that the current administration prides itself on its reputation for openness and honesty, so, therefore I will come

straight to the point. In the present state of affairs, when the United States of America faces some of the most pressing crises in its glorious 200-year history, we need leaders who can, as they say, tell it like it is. Ours is a free society, always was and always will be, and one of its mainstays is an unfettered press. Next question."

Ron Nessen, White House press secretary, later said: "What more can I add?"

NEWS EXTRA eventually got the whole story with our usual mixture of tough investigative reporting and talking to people who claim they know everything. One of these people, who spends his time lurking in high-security corridors, overheard Mr. Rockefeller discussing his proposal with President Ford.

"GERRY, WE gotta move the Capital," Mr. Rockefeller began. "I got just the place too, a little Mexican town I bought as a souvenir on my summer vacation."

"Why?" asked Ford. "And don't beat around the bush. I'm the boss, remember, the big guy."

"It's too cold in D.C. Just yesterday, my wife, Happy, asked me to turn up the heat past 68 degrees. And my kids, Grumpy, Dopey, Doc and the others are always shivering. How do you think my little son, Sneezy, earned his name?"

"So buy them sweaters. Or have them work out with weights."

"And crime!" Mr. Rockefeller went on. "With all these crooks around D.C. my brothers, Moe, Larry and Curly Joe, are afraid to come over to the house for Sunday dinners."

"You should pack a rod like I do. Do I gotta do all the thinking around here? You're getting as bad as Congress."

ROCKEFELLER seemed especially upset at the last remark. He whinnied with rage and socked a toil-hardened right fist into a convenient wall.

"Dammit!" he roared. "If you won't move the capital to my town, I'll buy Washington, D.C., and evict the lot of you."

"Can't," Ford quipped. "The DuPonts already own Washington, D.C., and they won't sell for sentimental reasons."

"Always quick with the answers, Mr. Nouveauriche-big-shot, aren't you?"



Nelson Rockefeller

Rockefeller walked away muttering. "Details, details. Maybe I can work out a trade. Lessee, I'll give the DuPonts West Virginia, Park Place and Baltic Avenue, and they can give me Washington, D.C., and Marvin Gardens ..."

In a similar manner, NEWS EXTRA uncovered the details surrounding Mr. Rockefeller's purchase of Acapulco, Mexico. It happened in 1974, when he was just an obscure politician from upstate New York who didn't even rate a "Mr." in front of his name. Reporters called him simply "Rockefeller" or, to save space, "Rocky."

ROCKY AND Happy arrived one Monday afternoon with two of their kids, Grumpy and Sneezy, on a brief summer vacation.

"Let's go see the cliff divers," suggested Happy. "Maybe one of them will miss and smash his head."

"I gotta go potty," whined one of the kids. "I got Monty Python's Revenge."

"That's Monty Zooma's Revenge," Rocky corrected. "And you can't have it yet, you've only been here 30 minutes."

"Then can I have a taco?" the kid persisted.

"We'll do that stuff later. First I want to buy a souvenir before I forget it. Something that suits my station in life — like the whole town."

The family then approached a pudgy native. A distinguished-looking middle-aged man, the local wore a straw sombrero, sandals made from Firestone tires and a frayed serape. His black walrus mustache dripped stale refried beans.

"SIR, YOU must be an official of the Mexican government," Rocky said. "We are visitors from a large land to the north and we are interested in purchasing a remembrance of your fair city."

"Ah, si, Gringos," he said. "You want souvenirs. I got dirty pictures, lots of them. Some with señoritas, mucho beautiful, and some with very handsome hombres. For a few more dolares you can have some with both and I'll throw in a burro cause I like you face."

"That's not what we had in mind ..."

"Oh, si, I savvy. You want grass. I got some Acapulco gold that'll knock you on your oreja. It is very highly regarded by the son of your el presidente."

"You don't understand ..."

"You want señorita? I no handle señoritas, but I gotta friend the other side of town ..."

"DAMMIT, wait a minute." Rocky was losing his patience. "I want to buy Acapulco, the streets, the buildings, the palm trees, the land, dig? You can keep your grass — I've got a nice big lawn in New York, it's called Connecticut."

"Caramba! The whole of Acapulco? That will cost mucho dinero, señor," the native answered.

The native doffed his sombrero to scratch his head, causing a flock of fruitflies to scramble into the summer air. Finally he smiled.

"Meet me right here at midnight with \$15,895 in small bills. I'll have the bill of sale," he said. The fruitflies, in a holding pattern above his sombrero, peeled off in formation for a landing.

The Rockefellerers reportedly spent the rest of the afternoon watching Acapulco's famed cliff divers, eating tacos and contracting a memorable case of Montezuma's revenge. Precisely at 12 o'clock they met the local at the designated spot. Rocky carried an A&P shopping bag.

"LET'S GET this over with," Rocky said.

"You look nervous, señor," the native observed. "And your senora, she no look happy."

"She is Happy. Look, we're in a hurry, just hand over the deed and we'll be on our way. We're a little under the weather tonight."

The native reached under his serape for a crumpled slip of paper, which he exchanged for Rocky's A&P shopping bag. "You should never drink the water here, señor, es muy malo," he added, departing.

Rockefeller broke into a grin, and clutching the slip of paper, giggled to himself all the way to the closest public restroom.

"It cost most of this week's allowance, but it's worth it," he chortled. "All those palm trees and cliff divers."

"But what to do with it?"

HE DEvised the plan to move the federal government to Acapulco a few months later after Congress approved his appointment as vice president. Despite recent setbacks, he foresees no insurmountable roadblocks.

He reportedly reached a tentative agreement with the DuPont family regarding the sale of Washington, D.C., in a secret meeting at their private estate, Delaware, last week.

"They'll go for the deal," he was quoted as saying. "But I might have to throw in General Motors and the Boardwalk."

"Pretty soon the government will be in Acapulco. But I sure wish we didn't have to bring our own water."

Can you imagine dismantling the Capital Building and everything else in Washington, carting it to Acapulco and then reassembling it there? Forget about that tax break, honey, if this stupid idea is approved!



East Fingo Elementary: Toughest School in the Whole Dern World!

By FILTON FENWICK
Education Editor

The brass plaque above the big double doors reads "East Fingo Elementary School," but educators know it as the toughest school in the world.

Forget "Harrison High," Forget "Room 222" and the St. Charles, Ill., State Training School for Boys. They are Sunday School summer camps compared to East Fingo E.S.

There, even the custodian wears a bullet-proof vest and riot helmet. The principal has moved his office into the concrete basement fallout shelter; his hatchet-faced secretary packs a 357 magnum revolver.

And the school board of rugged Fingo, N.D., debates not corporal punishment but capital punishment. (Corporal punishment, NEWS EXTRA readers will recall, involves knocking a misbehaving student upside the head; capital punishment means putting him to death.)

"The violent crime rate at E.F.E.S. is shameful," says school board president Wilson Pilsen. "Murders up 24 per cent since 1972, rapes up 30 per cent, armed robbery up 54 per cent and playing hookey has soared an unbelievable 96 per cent."

"THERE IS only one deterrent to this childish misbehavior — a speedy trial followed by a public execution. And since these monsters are all minors, we can dispense with the trials."

East Fingo Elementary School has always been known as a tough school. It is believed to be the only educational facility in the civilized world equipped with its own gallows.

Installed in 1875, the gallows, nicknamed "Tommy" by generations of students, fell into disuse in the 20th Century as

educators became more permissive. Now local authorities are mounting a campaign to have the structure refurbished and put back into use.

"East Fingo is now officially recognized as the toughest school in the world," principal Heine Monsoon admitted sadly. "It is a title we bear with shame."

THE SCHOOL earned the title by default after students tore the previous holder, West Fingo Elementary School across town, apart brick by brick to protest the ringing of school bells.

"Not only did we get their title, but we also got West Fingo's students," he said.

According to one teacher, the West Fingo transfer students are responsible for the school's recent increase in murders, stickups and most of the rapes. The balding, stoop-shouldered English teacher whose headquarters are located in Room 12 on East Fingo's new North wing, asked NEWS EXTRA to withhold his name for fear of student reprisals.

We met the unnamed 139 South St., Fingo, N.D., resident for a chat in what he considered safe territory. In a charming diner in Halifax, Nova Scotia, he compared the influx to West Fingo students to Ghengis Khan and the Mongol hordes.

"They are products of an overly permissive environment," he said. "They rarely work to their ability and are excessively disruptive in classroom situations."

THE WEST Fingo students are also credited with wiping out the original East Fingo pupils.

From the start, the newcomers complained of overcrowding. When the school board refused to build the demolished West Fingo facility, citing lack of funds, the



Things get a little hot around school, especially when battling students burn down one of the campus buildings.

kids decided to take matters into their own hands.

Within two weeks, some 20 per cent of the East Fingo students had been ambushed, and murdered in alleys between the school building and their homes. Another 20 per cent simply vanished from the face of the earth. A third 20 per cent were picked off one by one by sharpshooters.

The surviving 40 per cent died in a pitched battle in the school yard. Known in local legends as "Timmy's Last Stand," the fight stretched from the morning recess all the way through lunchtime. The last valiant East Fingo defender, student council president Timmy Jordan, for whom the battle was named, held out until naptime.

CUSTODIAN Elmer Tixtoff

watched from the safety of the school bell tower. He said the West Fingo students enjoyed the element of surprise in their attack and clearly outnumbered the defenders.

Jordan, 12, and his followers were participating in an intramural gang rumble south of the basketball hoop, while the West Fingo forces assembled out of sight in the teachers' parking lot.

"The West split into two attack units and charged," Tixtoff recalled. "They caught the East kids in a hopeless situation."

"They had only light artillery, handguns and mortars for their little rumble, they weren't suspecting trouble. The West boys, however, had heavy armor, surface-to-air missiles and fighter bomber air support."

"Miss Dinsdale's entire fourth grade class was wiped out in the initial assault," he said. "The East Fingo kids fought bravely, lobbing hand grenades from behind the bicycle racks. But they were outmatched."

THE TATTERED remnants of the East Fingo forces hastily retreated and regrouped in a strategic stronghold in the school gym.

"That position was equally indefensible," Tixtoff observed. "And the kids from West Fingo knew it. They just ordered up an artillery barrage, which knocked a huge hole in the gymnasium

wall.

"Through the hole, they tossed a stink bomb. And they picked off the weary East Fingo boys and girls as they staggered out gasping for breath."

With the West Fingo terrorists in firm control, the once cheerful school has degenerated into a savage jungle.

"Book burnings are a thing of the past at East Fingo," the school librarian noted. "Instead, teachers are torched."

"And twice the place has been closed down for teachers' strikes to demand combat pay."

"THE WALKOUTS always end the same way," the librarian added. "The kids stage a cavalry charge and cut the picket lines to ribbons."

In numerous letters to the PTA, principal Monsoon has demanded that something be done to restore law and order to East Fingo Elementary School. Besides capital punishment, he wants a dungeon installed to hold the worst kids and sets of handcuffs and leg irons for the rest of them.

"The situation is precarious," he warned. "Civil war could break out any minute."

"If the school board fails to make the improvements I deem necessary, I may be forced to drastic measures. I may even have to expel some of these delinquents."



East Fingo is believed to be the only school in the world with a gallows. In fact, you can travel far and wide these days and you won't find too many gallows in use anywhere.

Cheerful children running home at the end of the day? Indeed not! They're heading for the bomb shelter to save their lives as another riot rocks East Fingo Elementary School.



Gigolo Fell in Love With Odious Old Harridan But Pretty Boy Couldn't Please Her Like a Man

World's Ugliest Woman Gives Her Handsome Lover the Gate!

By ARNO AGRICOLA
NEWS EXTRA FarmEditor

The world's ugliest woman has booted out the only man she ever has had — a handsome, French gigolo.

Miss Matilda Merkinwiler of Bruner's Switch, Ind., who appealed through the columns of NEWS EXTRA for a husband, thought she had one when Philippe LaTouche answered her plea.

He is a pretty boy beach-bum from the French Riviera who has made a career of sponging off rich old ladies.

When he heard Matilda not only wanted a lover but had a huge prosperous farm with rich oil deposits under it plus \$2 million in the bank, he lost no time telephoning her for an airline ticket and directions to Bruner's Switch.

But in less than two weeks, the bloom was gone off the rose of their love.



Matilda Merkinwiler

"I KICKED him out, the lying ingrate!" Matilda told NEWS EXTRA.

Because he was so obviously after her money?

"No," Matilda said, her disgusting face showing a sense of outrage.

"I gave him that gate because he lost interest in my money altogether. The stupid jerk actually fell in love with me!

"And when push came to shove, Philippe proved himself to be, shall we say, a less than adequate lover."

This indeed is surprising news. Not only did Philippe tell NEWS EXTRA one week ago that he wanted Matilda only for her money, but he vowed privately to this newspaper that the freaky old crone was so loathsome that he couldn't possibly get within 10 feet of her without retching.

"THAT WAS just a lot of malarky, to protect his image of being a super-stud," Matilda said with scorn in her cackling voice.

"The truth is that despite his muscles and his hairdo and his pretty face, he was just a scared little boy.

"He admitted to me that I really turned him on but he was afraid he could not satisfy me. Sorry to say, he was right.

"Little did the poor boy know that in my younger days I worked in a Chinese brothel in San Francisco and learned every erotic trick known to man.

"The truth is that I wrung him out like a dish rag, fried him like an egg, peeled him like a grape.

"He didn't last two hours. He was gasping for mercy, begging me to let him rest. I've never been so disappointed in a man in my life.

"If he is typical of the Riviera gigolo, give me a good old American farm boy any time!"

MATILDA SAID that Philippe told her he didn't want any of her money.

"I know he told the press that he was in it for the scratch, but that was just another of his lies," said the odious old harridan.

"He told me, after the press and the TV people left, that he wouldn't touch a cent of my money because he loved me so much and wouldn't feel right sponging off me.

"In fact, he gave me His money. Didn't amount to much — a few dollars in French money. But it shows you what a two-faced slob he was.

"I knew right then that he wasn't the man for me. I know I am the most repulsive woman in the world and if a man says he loves me for what I am and he means it, then he's got to be very crazy or very confused.

"AND IF he's crazy or confused, who needs it? If I want a fruitcake for a lover or husband, there are plenty of them right here in Indiana."

So Mule Face Matilda is once again alone in the world, with all her money, rich farmland, oil deposits, etc. etc.

"It's better this way," she sighed. "When you are the most repulsive person in the world, it is best that you be alone.

"I'll just sit here in my rocking chair and watch my bank account grow and grow and grow.

"And when I die, I'll leave everything to the Rest Home for Retired Hookers in Terre Haute, Ind. Those girls have earned it, poor dears."



Philippe may turn on a lot of you gals (and guys, too) but he did absolutely nothing for Matilda, who booted the beach-bum right out of her house. Right on, Matilda!

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NY MALE, 56. White. Slight handicap but very navigable Very affectionate Would like to hear from woman, to age 48, who is looking for new friendship BOX N 4598 2720

MINN LADY, 70. Widow German. Petite Good looks Good character No dependents Wants to hear from refined, respectable, financially secure gentleman for possible marriage Photo please BOX N 4599 2720

ARK MALE, 70. Virgo. Lonely Widower Retired Wants to hear from sincere lady who is marriage minded BOX N 4600 2720

NY LADY Attractive Good looking Educated Trinidadian Would like to hear from educated, christian, marriage minded male for possible marriage Photo and

phone please BOX N 4601 2720

OHIO MALE, 59 White Would like to hear from white lady from North-central Ohio for new friendship BOX E 4602 2720

ARK. LADY, 44. White Divorced Attractive Child 6 Lonely Would like to hear from one woman man who is a non drinker and financially secure Photo and phone please BOX N 4603 2720

OHIO MALE, 40's White Single No dependents Good looking Non drinker Non smoker Would like to hear from refined, attractive one man woman to age 40 Photo please BOX N 4604 2720

FLA. LADY, 56 W dow Non drinker Non smoker Would like to hear from honest, sincere man, 50 65 with same qualities Phone please BOX N 4605 2720

D.C. LADY Latin origin Attractive Educated Extensively traveled Healthy Understanding Would like to hear from educated, refined financially secure, marriage minded male, 43 50 BOX N 4576 2718

CALIF MALE, 39 Strong Sensitive Considerate Professionally employed (teacher) Would like to hear from neat confident, understanding ady for new friendship BOX N 4577 2718.

NY LADY, 44. White Widow, Catholic Likes jazz, dancing, sports Enjoys home life Wants to hear from kind, considerate widower, any race Photo please. BOX N 4578 2718.

ALA MALE, 27 Free lance writer Non driver Would like to hear from honest girl with car BOX N 4579 2718

KANS. LADY, 68. White Youthful Decent Lively Financially secure In good health Would like to hear from sincere, clean man, 65 70, who doesn't smoke or drink, likes animals and home life BOX N 4580 2718

ILL MALE, 23. Nice looking Sincere Employed Wishes to hear from sincere girl, to age 30 for new friendship possible marriage Photo please BOX N 4581 2718

CALIF. LADY, 65. White Widow One man woman. Wants to hear from an impotent, healthy man for new friendship Kind Non smoker Non drinker BOX N 4582 2718

LA MALE 35 White Construction worker Employed Wants to hear from female for new friendship

possible marriage Children ok Not prejudiced BOX N 4583 2718

FLA LADY, 62. White Widow Slender No dependents Wants to hear from kind honest responsible, sober sincere, affectionate man BOX N 4584 2718

TEX MALE, 65 White Divorced No dependents Retired Would like to hear from plump lady to age 52, for new friendship Photo please BOX N 4585 2718

FLA LADY Refined Comfortable With high standards Would like to hear from gentleman, 55 up Wishes not to be exploited Photo please BOX N 4586 2718.

TEX MALE, 36. White Single Leo. Very attractive Likes astrology, good music reading Would like to hear from marriage minded female, 25 32, who is willing to relocate Photo and phone please BOX E 4587 2718.

PA LADY, 30. White Single Plump Partially hand-capped Likes children animals cooking, fishing, C & W music Would like to hear from marriage minded gentleman to age 50, who is willing to relocate Photo please BOX N 4588 2718

TENN MALE, 56 Retired Small income Small and trim Would like to hear from ady to age 65, for new friendship Heavy lady welcome Photo please BOX N 4589 2718

IOWA MALE, 41 Four children home Would like to hear from sincere, marriage minded woman, any age Photo please BOX N 4590 2718

ILL MALE, 26. Originally from India Likes dancing, camping, sports Would like to hear from honest lovable, considerate woman Will answer all Photo please BOX N 4561 2717

NY LADY, 43. Black Attractive. Never married Would like to hear from sincere man, 43 65, with no ties who will marry if he finds the right woman Cleveland, Ohio and Calif preferred Photo and phone please BOX N 4562 2717

NY MALE 42 Would like to hear from ady 25 45 any nationality Recent photo please BOX N 4563 2717

NC LADY, 49 White Widow Healthy independent Likes bowling dancing c&w music, travel First Christian church Would like to hear from man in 50's with similar tastes BOX N 4564 2717

CANADA MALE, 35 Tall Wants to hear from good, intelligent non-smoking woman to share spiritual development in B.C. wilderness No drugs or bad habits Photo please BOX E 4565 2717

NY LADY, 30's Widow Excellent figure Modern dresser Owns land Good cook Marriage minded BOX E 4566 2717

VA MALE, 35 Black Successful business Modern home Nice looking Healthy Would like to hear from secure, attractive, sincere ady any race, for possible marriage Photo and phone please BOX N 4567 2717

MO. LADY, 54 White Every day Christian Non drinker Very lonely Would like to hear from sincere gentleman 49 59 BOX E 4568 2717

MD MALE 40's Executive Tall Slender Active sportsman Owns considerable property Financially secure Answer looking for Mrs. E. BOX E 4569 2717

GA LADY 23 White Cute Petite

Owns car Financially independent Likes music Not prejudice Would like to hear from Florida/Georgia man BOX N 4570 2717

ARK MALE, 51 White Would like to hear from white lady with some means to help in enlarging plant and for new friendship BOX N 4571 2717

ILL LADY, 40's. White Attractive Sentimental Christian Loves children, music, baking Would like to hear from good natured, single, financially secure black Baptist man who loves to sing BOX N 4572 2717

ARK MALE 40's Retired Navy Owns home Wants to hear from slender woman to age 35 who enjoys animals and country life Photo please BOX N 4573 2717

WASH LADY, 25 White Mormon faith Two small boys Would like to hear from man same faith Children fine BOX N 4574 2717

CANADA MALE, 31 Would like to hear from girl who is looking for a happy life Young child most welcome BOX E 4575 2717

MICH. LADY, 45 White Petite No dependents Professional cook Would like to hear from non drinking, marriage minded gentleman BOX N 4546 2716

VT MALE Composer Writer Vita and energetic Would like to hear from modest, shy timid young woman BOX N 4547 2716

NC LADY, 43 White Non drinker Non smoker, Affectionate Understanding Attractive Owns home Would like to hear from sincere gentleman of same caliber BOX N 4548 2716

NEV. MALE, 58. Non drinker Good employment Divorced, Likes outdoors, small-town living Marriage minded No dependents Photo please BOX N 4549 2716

FLA. LADY, 45. White. Widow. Attractive Non-smoker Social drinker Enjoys dancing, travel, football Would like to hear from secure man who desires honesty, love, marriage Will relocate Photo please BOX N 4550 2716.

WIS MALE, 48. Home income property, Steady income. Car Camper. Truck Small business. Likes to travel and tired of being alone BOX N 4551 2716

ILL LADY, Negro Widow Teacher Cancer Non smoker Non drinker Considered attractive by some Would like to hear from tall, educated gentleman, 54 64 Photo please BOX N 4552 2716.

OKLA MALE, 59 White Would like to hear from pregnant Mexican woman who has no home BOX N 4553 2716

S.C. LADY, 45 White Divorced Honest Very lonely Would like to hear from white man Loves music and flowers Photo and phone please BOX N 4554 2716

FLA MALE, 52. Lives alone in nice home Would like to hear from genteel lady, 38 50 BOX E 4555 2716

MICH. LADY, 60 Widow Would like to hear from refined gentleman, Detroit Royal Oaks area for new friendship BOX N 4556 2716.

CANADA MALE, 35. Tall Would like to hear from good, intelligent, non smoking woman to share spiritual development in B.C. wilderness No drugs or bad habits Photo please BOX N 4557 2716

ALA LADY Neat Honest Financially secure Would like to hear from gentleman in 50s BOX N 4558 2716

OHIO MALE, 52 Executive Real gentleman Warm Kind Considerate Financially secure Wants to hear from refined slender or petite ady 38 50 in Central Ohio Photo please BOX N 4559 2716

IDAHO LADY 43 White Petite Personable Congenial Warm Affectionate Attractive Single Good sense of humor Would like to hear from kind, stable honest single gentleman BOX N 4560 2716

WHAT'S UP DOC?

By Doc Know-It-All



Dear Doc Know-It-All:

As a member of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Lower Forms of Life and Somewhat-Less-Than-Human Beings, I want to take this space to chastise you for the recent remarks you made about Mrs. Hermine Pulitzer, mother of your esteemed editor, Bernard C. "Big Scoop" Pulitzer.

In your "What's Up, Doc?" column of Oct. 26, 1975, which ran in the National NEWS EXTRA and (God forbid) might have been syndicated in newspapers around the world, for all we know, you stated:

"Mrs. Pulitzer is a fine, outstanding member of society, a member of the Dog Killers' Club of America, and U.S. Kennel Club."

Well, you are wrong.

Mrs. Pulitzer is not a member of the U.S. Kennel Club.

Instead, she is registered with the U.S. Kennel Club, a one-of-a-kind breed.

By stating falsely that Mrs. Pulitzer was a kennel club member, you gave your readers the impression that the woman (I use the term loosely) is a leader in her community and fit to be seen in the company of the best-known and most valuable dogs in the world.

Here again, I must point out the folly of your statement.

No self-respecting dog owner would see fit to allow his precious pooch to be in the same room as Mrs. Pulitzer, let alone the same hall.

If the self-respecting dog owner was out walking her animal and spotted Mrs. Pulitzer walking down the same side of the street, it is no secret that the dog owner would cross over to the other side or duck into a doorway so that she would not have to exchange pleasantries with that woman.

By stating that Mrs. Pulitzer is an "outstanding member of society," you no doubt implied that she has a lot of friends in some of the better quarters of the world.

Of course, you realize that this couldn't be true.

In truth, Mrs. Pulitzer is not an outstanding member of society. She is standing outside of society.

The woman hasn't a friend in the world, with the possible exception of your addled executive editor, her faithful but stupid son, "Big Scoop."

The audacity of your statement is shocking and revolting. It's enough to make me sick to my stomach.

Please be sure to correct matters in the future, or I will be forced to tell all the members of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Lower Forms of Life and Somewhat-Less-Than-Human Beings what you really are about.

Yours Truly,
Georgetta Mc Grue
President
ASPCLFLSLTHB

CONFIDENTIAL TO BADLY IN NEED OF LUBE JOB IN KOKOMO, IND.: It's no wonder you're having trouble. Being stuck in Kokomo is a fate worse than death. But it's not as bad as being stuck in Altoona, Pa.

CONFIDENTIAL TO FOOT LOOSE AND FANCY FREE IN A PLACE BEYOND MY DREAMS: I'd be glad to join you, but you're going to have to send me a road map. I asked down at the gas station, but they said: "You can't get there from here."

These are golden opportunity days to ask Doc Know-It-All a question. If you don't feel puzzled enough by what's going on all around you, send your question to What's Up Doc, National NEWS EXTRA, 2715 N. Pulaski Road, Chicago, Ill. 60639.

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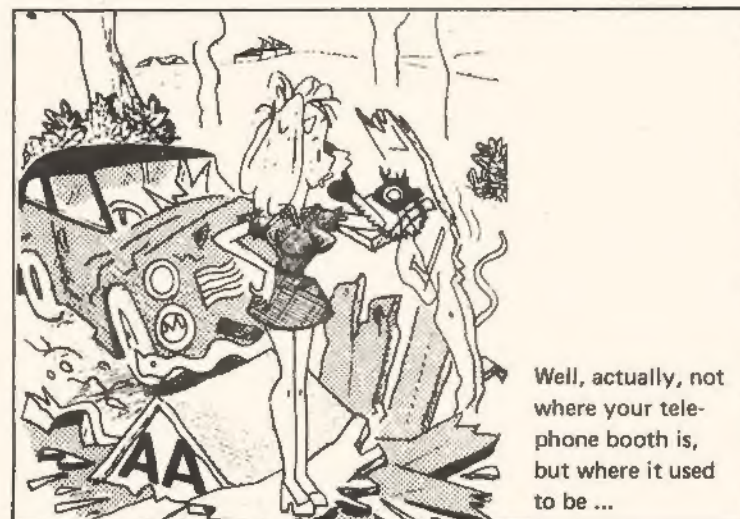
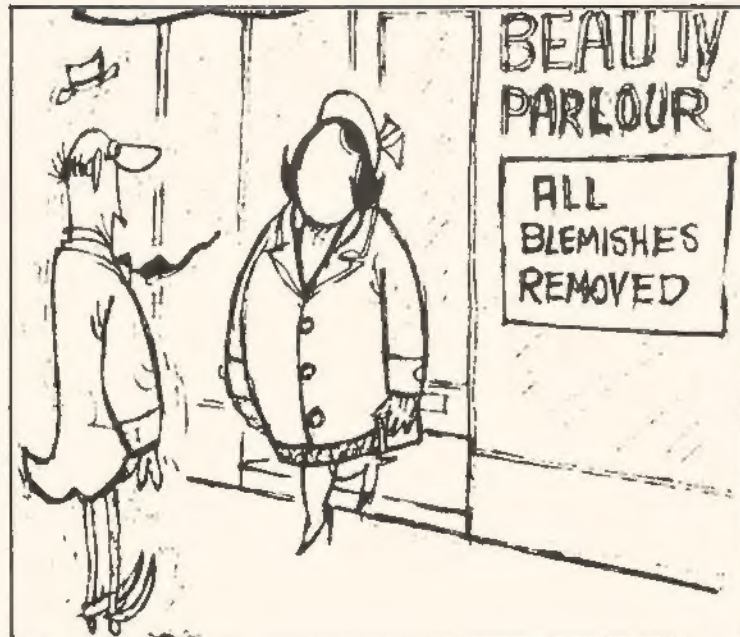
It's only a temporary arrangement, dear, until Miss Brown gets a desk of her own.

THE NATIONAL NEWS

EXTRA COMIC CAPER

NEWS EXTRA

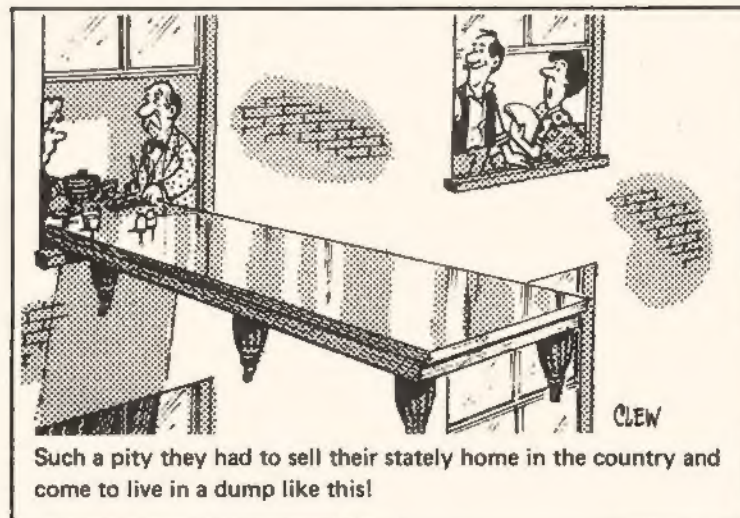
November 16, 1975 Page 18



Well, actually, not where your telephone booth is, but where it used to be ...



I told you he hadn't finished when you dragged me out!



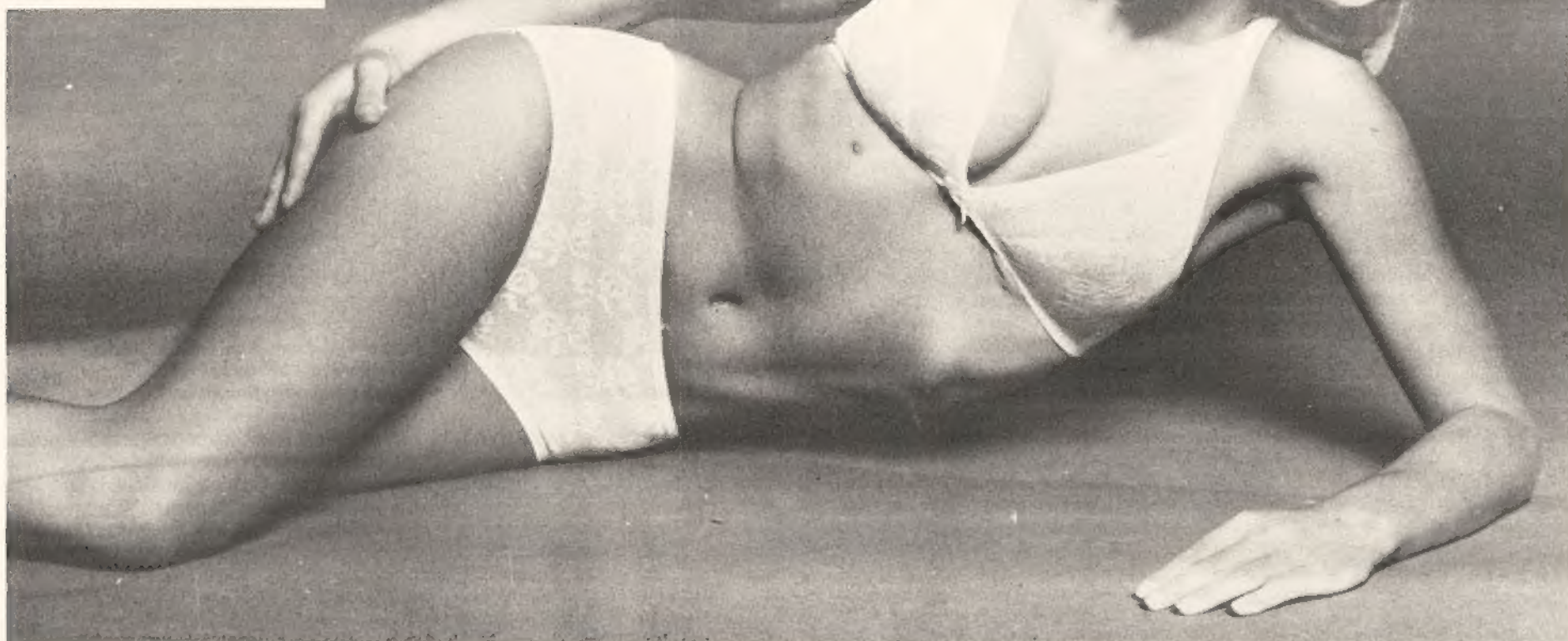
Such a pity they had to sell their stately home in the country and come to live in a dump like this!



Soup, steak, french fries, peas, salad, a banana split, strawberries, cake and cream pie ... all on one plate!

Poster Girl For Good Cause, But Notice Ugly Wart

Meet Layla Kabang, the 1975 poster girl of the Lymphemia Melcox Prevention Society, a charitable group working to combat a horrible mental disease — the inability to recognize faces. Layla, 21, does not suffer from the disease (its victims are too homely to make good poster girls) but thinks it would be “positively awful” if she did. “I’d have to paint my boyfriends’ names on their foreheads,” she says.



Be Strong, Brothers & Sisters

Fiendish Red Plot to Break Back Of America With Practical Jokes

By ROLF NYDER
Consumer Affairs Editor

Don't buy those East German binoculars!

Beware the hand-embroidered Latvian pillow!

Keep that fine Polish crystal goblet away from your mouth!

These and other products from behind the Iron Curtain may hide deadly booby-traps as part of a fiendish Commie plot to enslave the U.S. of A. The idea: Bring America to her knees by humiliating her people with idiotic practical jokes.

Agents in the CIA's Commie watching division came to that conclusion after a series of bizarre events in and around Washington, D.C. The incidents all happened since the softening of relations between America and the red-ruled nations brought a

flood of Communist-made products to our shores.

- Secretary of State Henry Kissinger sat down on a hand-embroidered pillow given him by Latvian diplomats. It immediately gave off a loud, flatulent Bronx cheer, much to the secretary's embarrassment. Agents later discovered a whoopee cushion hidden inside.

- President Ford and his family made fools of themselves at a recent White House dinner by drooling expensive wine down their chins. It was learned that their new set of Polish crystal goblets had tiny holes drilled below their rims, through which wine dripped as they sipped. “They'd been stuck with some dribble glasses,” an investigator said.

- Joe DiMaggio, the respected TV commercial star and former

athlete, was recently seen sporting two black eyes. “His new binoculars, made in Communist East Germany, had tiny inkpads on the eyepieces, the idea being to make the beloved star look like a brawling idiot,” an agent said.

- A recent State Department function turned into a near riot as Russians attacked Americans with handshake buzzers and squirting lapel flowers.

- Cuba's Commie dictator Fidel Castro has ordered his cigar industry to equip thousands of Havanas with explosives. “As soon as trade with Cuba is resumed, these cigars will be blowing up in executive suites across the land. Our businessmen will look even more stupid than they do now.”

With humiliation and em-

barrassment staring them in the face, America's counter-intelligence specialists are ready to attack.

“CIA operatives behind the Iron Curtain now carry an array of silly things,” an inside source told NEWS EXTRA.

“They will have fake inkblots — in both red and black — to put on Kremlin desks. They have been directed to place thumbtacks pointed end up on chairs in the Politburo.

“And if one of them can sneak into the house of Commie boss Leonid Brezhnev, he'll be ready with an imitation doggie-do to put on the dictator's nice clean rug. Leo will throw a fit.”

These are just the beginning, NEWS EXTRA was assured. But the most advanced weapons in America's joke arsenal remain classified.

Free-Spending Celebs Turn This Lazy Isle Into Gambling Capital of World



Walter Matthau may give Boswango a bad name. If he keeps wearing this silly outfit, he'll give any place a bad name.



Englebert Humperdinck and Mae West have been carrying on for years but have kept it super-secret, NEWS EXTRA learned.



The remote South Sea island of Boswango is fast becoming the gambling mecca of the world, thanks to free-spending American celebrities.

In only a few short months, the lazy, mango-eating natives have been replaced by clamoring gamblers, anxious to convert their dollars into wangos (the official currency) for use at the gambling tables.

Leonard Lerner Lowe VI, the industrialist responsible for reviving the tiny, palm-tree covered speck of land, is encouraging gambling by offering free charter flights to Boswango.

In recent weeks, Air Boswango has jetted Frank Sinatra, Mae West, Walter Matthau, Englebert Humperdinck and Susan Ford to the sultry island paradise.

"It's the best idea I've ever had," Lowe told NEWS EXTRA. "Boswango has a better climate than Vegas and life here is less formal than in Monte Carlo, where it gets chilly in the winter.

"SINCE I started the junkets, we're making money hand over fist. I'm thinking of opening a bank here on Boswango."

Lowe explained that when he decided to open gambling tables, he also had to devise a currency.

"The logical thing to do was call upon the island's natural resources," he explained. "The Boswango currency is the wango. Actually, wangos are simply mango seeds and the rate of exchange is one for one. When tourists leave the island, they trade their wangos back for dollars, for francs or whatever they started out with."

The games offered at Boswango are much more fun than gambling elsewhere.

"I have a lot of dummies working here, so I had to keep it simple" Lowe explained. "Turns out, the players aren't so smart either and they really enjoy my setup.

"Each thatched-roof hut offers a different game. One has spin the bottle, another has slap jack, another Crazy 8, another old maid — I even devised a way to make or lose a fortune playing pin the tail on the donkey."

NEWS EXTRA asked Lowe what games of chance are doing the best.

"It depends. When Sinatra was here, he favored spin the bottle. But he wasn't interested in money. He kept wanting to kiss the spinner



Frank Sinatra

when he won. I have my girlfriend, Monica Moonbottom, working the bottle hut and I had a devil of a time keeping him off her.

"I finally barred him from playing spin the bottle. Then he went to pin the tail on the donkey. He lost his shirt on that," Lowe chuckled.

He explained that a big drawing of a donkey is sectioned off and numbered. The numbers run from one to nine and the rear of the donkey is labeled "jackass." Players bet a certain number of wangos and are then blindfolded and spun around. If they put the tail on a number, like 3, the house pays them triple their bet. But if the tail ends up on the rear, they are a jackass and must pay the house 10 times in their bet.

"WHEN FRANK exchanged his dollars for wangos, he had about \$25,000. When he traded his wangos in, he left with about \$350," revealed Lowe.

"But he'll be back. He told me he'd get even if it was the last thing he ever did."

Fortunately for Lowe, Frank was a big loser. He helped to even out the score after Susan Ford won buckets full of wangos playing old maid.

"Her Mom and Dad gave her the trip down here as a present," Lowe went on. "Everything was on the house except her gambling money and they gave her \$5,000.

"That little girl just couldn't lose. She stayed in the old maid tent all

night, drinking Papaya Zombies and playing cards. She must have won 10 times in a row. She's clever, though, she has a system. Everytime she loses, she doubles her bet. When she wins, she goes back to her original bet.

"SUSAN IS a real cool kid," Lowe told NEWS EXTRA. "She cashed in with 12 grand. But she only took \$5,000 to pay her parents back. She left the other \$7,000 with me; said she'd like to come back for a weekend with a friend and would I hold her money so they'd have capital.

"I knew right off what she was talking about. Susan wants to sneak down with a guy and not let her Mom and Dad know.

"That's why I'm thinking of opening a bank.

There are probably a lot of people who would leave their wangos here, rather than have to take their winnings home to the old lady or old man."

Mae West and Humperdinck visited Boswango together, according to Lowe. He hinted to NEWS EXTRA that they are seriously thinking of buying a condominium there.

"ENGLEBERT GOT sloshed on Mango Juleps one night," the industrialist confided. "He told me that he and Mae have been carrying on for years but keeping it super-secret. He said that if they buy on Boswango, they will live together out of wedlock because otherwise Mae will lose her Social Security income."

Lowe revealed that they were heavy losers playing slap jack, but only because they got smashed.

"They were drinking Mango Juleps like water," he said. "They got so drunk they'd slap anything, the card wouldn't even have to be close to a jack.

"Before they retired to their hut, they were slapping each other. Mae gave 'Humpie,' as she calls him, a black eye but he seemed to like it."

Walter Matthau, known to be a compulsive gambler, is causing Lowe a few problems. He has been on Boswango for the last four weeks and refuses to leave.

"THE GUY is a loser but he won't go home," Lowe explained. "He keeps wiring back to the states for more money and he loses it as fast as he gets it.

"I'm afraid Matthau is going to give Boswango a bad name. You need to have people win a few times to show others how easy it is to make money.

"Wally has not won a single round of Crazy 8 since he has been on the island.

"At the rate Matthau is going, we are all going to get sick trying to eat enough mangos to keep him in wangos," Lowe explained.

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